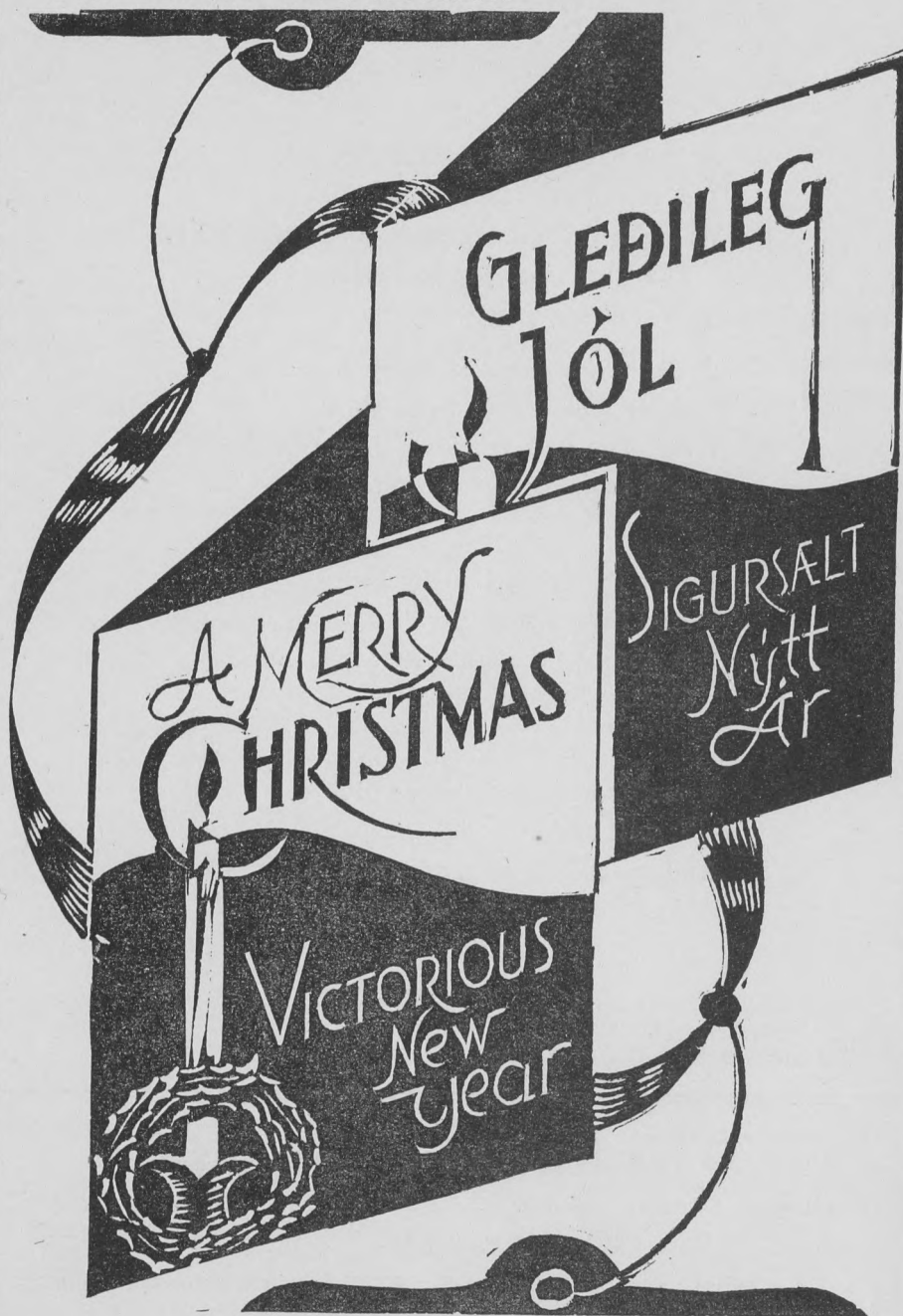


TO OUR READERS—



From the Staff of—

The Icelandic Canadian

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A Christmas Wish

By BERGTHOR EMIL JOHNSON



A home for every lonesome soul,
A haven free from care,
Where loved ones gather round the hearth
The Christmas joy to share.

A Christmas tree in every home
With silver and with gold;
With gifts and greetings from afar,
And tales of friendship told.

A love for every hungry heart,
And faith's eternal call
For humble thoughts in every mind,
Of brotherhood for all.

A world new with hopes divine;
A will to do the right,
And peace on earth, goodwill to men,
And love's eternal light.



The Icelandic Canadian

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Christmas

By S. J. SOMMERVILLE



The greatest and best beloved holiday of the year—Christmas—is here, for mankind to celebrate once more as it has been celebrated—with variations—down the centuries. No institution on earth is as universally dear to all as Christmas with its festal outpouring of joy and goodwill. It opens the heart and permits the pent-up goodness which is there, to shine forth.

Christmas is the commemoration of the nativity of Christ, and instinctively through the ages, humanity has been shaping this commemoration to take the form of doing things for the happiness of others. It has passed through many changes in customs, religious ceremonial, and stern ritual, until today when its core is the home with each member thereof serving the other with generosity and love in emulation of Him who taught that:

Supreme love to God is expressed in service to our fellow-men in the simplest and most natural relationship.

In the early era of Christianity, there was great divergence of opinion about both the time of the year and the date on which Christmas should be observed. In fact, until the latter part of the fourth century, it was not the Christmas festival, but Epiphany falling on January 6, which commemorated the nativity as well as the baptism of Christ. Some countries favored the spring of the year and indeed, there are still lands where the Easter celebration is a much more important one than Christmas.

However, by the end of the fourth century Christmas is recorded as one of

three festivals in Rome on which all theatres must be closed. The other two were Epiphany and Easter.

From then on the observance of Christmas grew more widespread. Especially was this true during the next four centuries when Christmas gathered to it, and incorporated within itself, many other festivals, partly old and partly new. Increasingly, also, during this period, December 25, came to be accepted as the actual date of the birth of Christ. This was helped along by the fact that many nations were in the habit of celebrating the "winter solstice" about the same time. They believed that it marked the turning point of the year—the beginning of the renewed life and activity of the powers of nature. The Yule feast of Norsemen was of this character and coincided with the winter solstice.

Britain's early chronicler, the "Venerable" Bede, declares that Christmas was celebrated as a festival in that country, long before the people were converted to Christianity. He says in one place: "The ancient people of the Angli began the year on December 25, when we now celebrate the birthday of the Lord, and the very night, which is now so holy to us, they called in their tongue, 'Modra-necht'—that is—"Mothers' Night."

The custom of decorating churches with holly and evergreens at Christmas time, is a very ancient one. Old also, is the practice of singing "Manger songs" and carols. Both are believed to have sprung from the grand liturgy and dramatization of the birth of Christ—devised and enacted by the priests, possibly

for the purpose of supplanting in the minds of the people, deep-rooted heathen feeling and customs.

The Christmas tree antedates Christ, and has without doubt, been adopted and attached to Christmas to add to its joyous enchantment. The Roman poet, Virgil, born 70 years before Christ, refers in one passage to a "tree with pendant toys and manikins."

Santa Claus, himself, who provides so much of the thrill and glamour of Christmas for the very young, belongs properly to December 6, the day of St. Nicholas. On the other hand Christmas greeting cards, with their goodwill messages, are a modern innovation and less than one hundred years old.

The ceremonials and customs of Christmas vary in different countries, but certain features are common to most; the exchange of gifts and greetings; feasting and merrymaking; candles and carols and colored lights; efforts to provide care and good times for the old and the needy; the serving of special national Christmas dishes; goodwill and loving helpfulness; and hospitality and family reunions.

In Iceland, in the Scandinavian countries and in Germany and Austria, the Christmas celebration begins at 6 o'clock on Christmas Eve when all work stops, candles gleam and people don their best raiment in honor of Holy Night. Joyousness prevails during the evening but is somewhat subdued and in keeping with the sacredness of the occasion. The merrymaking comes later.

An impressive ceremonial is still found in Sweden when early on Christmas morn, worshippers stream out to their brightly illuminated churches, carrying lighted torches. It is the children of Sweden who bring in the Christmas gifts and distribute them. It is a special mark of friendship to be asked into the kitchen of a home to partake of bread dipped in a traditional Christmas sauce.

Shoes, not stockings, are hung up by the children of France, for Father Christmas to fill. There is a Christmas Eve

feast known as "Reveillon," and seats in the great churches of the capital must be booked weeks in advance.

In Russia again, Christmas as a social celebration has been abolished although its observance in homes and churches is not hindered. The glory of Easter overshadows it, with its ringing refrain of greeting, "He is risen!" At Easter time, the children in some parts of Russia, still carry gold paper stars and lighted lanterns from house to house in glorification of Christ.

Carol singing, plum pudding and Boxing day are typical of the English Christmas. Australians, with their English background still celebrate Christmas in the English way, although it comes in the extreme heat of their holiday season. They even light the fire on the hearth to complete the effect. This is one of the things which keeps their heart strings tuned to the old land.

Of all the Christmas pageants, the one in the Old Basilica at Bethlehem, each season, is perhaps the most impressive. The people are Christian Arabs who celebrate Christmas and Epiphany at the same time. Women, wearing peaked head-dress not worn elsewhere in Palestine and said to date back 800 years to the Crusades, and men in robes that make them look as if they had just stepped out of Bible pictures, enact scenes connected with Christmas and Epiphany, while children in beautifully embroidered garments play around the pillars.

This will be the sixth Christmas celebrated in the midst of war by most of the countries of the world. Because it is a festival of the home and the heart, its essence will follow the usual pattern of love and goodwill. It will give to life a new and warmer glow—and to those with a broken hearth and the empty chair, a beneficent healing and renewal of strength by forgetting self in the happiness of others.

Mankind will say once again, with Tiny Tim in Dickens' immortal Christmas Carol—"God Bless Us Everyone."

Armistice Day Commemoration



The Jon Sigurdson Chapter of the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire, of which Mrs. J. B. Skaptason is Regent, is to be commended for the patriotic duty it has performed in holding annual Armistice Day Choral Commemorations in Honour of the Fallen. Since the commencement of World War II the service has been in memory of the fallen of both wars.

We all should welcome the opportunity to join in paying tribute to our soldier dead. In doing so we are humbly and with heartfelt gratitude expressing our appreciation of the sacrifice they have made for us and for all free men. Everything else no matter how important it may seem, and no matter how dear it may be to us, is secondary to what they have done and the cause for which they laid down their lives. We can best understand that by merely asking ourselves what would have happened if they had not been there to make the supreme sacrifice in order that we might be free. If the wars had been lost what would then have been left to us as

Canadians, as Canadians of Icelandic extraction if you like; what would then have been left for free men here in America, in Europe, yes in Iceland, anywhere in the world? When we realize this we do not find it difficult to bow in humility as we honour our fallen.

This could be felt in the audience at the commemoration service this year. Hymns, in both English and Icelandic were sung by a joint choir of the First Lutheran and the First Federated churches in Winnipeg. Kerr Wilson sang "There is no Death" to the accompaniment of Miss Snjolaug Sigurdson. Prayers were rendered by Rev. V. J. Eylands and Rev. H. E. Johnson, a Tribute to the Fallen was delivered by Mr. G. S. Thorvaldson, K. C. and a welcome to the Returned Service Men was extended by Mr. A. G. Eggertson, K. C.

There was an atmosphere about the whole service expressive of that mingling of gratitude and sorrow which keeps fresh the memory and makes it impossible for us to forget.



The Icelandic Evening School



A very timely and worthy project has been launched by the Icelandic Canadian Club and the Icelandic National League.

Some time ago, as reported in the last issue of this magazine, a committee of five was formed, three from the Club and two from the League, to formulate plans for the study of Icelandic, particularly by adults who have a limited and in some cases no knowledge of the language. The committee very wisely came to the conclusion that in order to arouse general interest it was advisable to build up the necessary background by providing instruction in Ice-

landic history and literature. Having reached that decision they mapped out a two-fold programme for what they have aptly called the Icelandic Evening School—a series of twelve lectures of a historical character and a concurrent series of lessons in the study of the language itself. Much credit is due to everyone instrumental in sponsoring this project and getting it started, to the lecturers, to the teachers, and in particular to Mrs. H. F. Danielson, on whose shoulders a good deal of the organizing and preliminary work has fallen.

This season's programme appears elsewhere in this issue.

Peace On Earth

By REV. PHILIP M. PETURSSON



The sixth war Christmas is upon us. Within a short time we shall again be gathering in our homes, our schools, our churches and other places of meeting or assembly to celebrate the sixth Christmas since the present war began. We shall raise our voices in the old hymns and carols, we shall exchange gifts and in innumerable ways show our love to those who are dear to us, and to one and all we shall extend the age old greeting, "Merry Christmas."

But in the midst of our festivities, even in our moments of greatest joy in the nearness of friends, sobering thoughts will creep in and the laugh will die on our lips, the songs of joy and exultation will dissolve in tears. We are celebrating Christmas! But it is a war Christmas and the state of the world, involved as it is in war with our young men overseas, in foreign lands, facing death on far off battlefields—everything, seems to mock our celebrations, to mock our songs of peace and of good will, of joy and exultation, even the old and best loved of our Christmas songs of "Silent night! peaceful night!" And at such moments we stop and wonder whether it is right that we should celebrate Christmas with joy, or whether we should not change it to an occasion of mourning, mourning for the death of an ideal, the death of an age old hope, a dream of the ages, the dream of peace among men. We have gone through the years, as every generation before us has, singing songs of jubilation because of the promise of peace on earth, but there have only been recurring wars with resulting death and devastation, each succeeding one more destructive than the last. Can this sixth Christmas under world-wide war conditions be celebrated in joy? Or should it be one of mourning because of lost

hopes, dead dreams, and unachieved ideals?

For one thing, whether there is war or whether there is a lull between wars, which we have usually called "peace," and regardless of what the relationships between the nations of the world are, there is always one certainty on which we can build and that may be accepted without reservations of any kind,—that is the validity of the principle of peace, the validity of the dream of universal peace that has come to us down through the ages and that still urges us on, through years of war and turmoil, to hold fast to that ideal and to strive for its fulfillment. So long as we do not lose sight of that one fact and so long as we accept it as a guiding principle in our own lives and in the life of the nation and of the world, we need never question our right to rejoice at this time of year when that ideal and man's long struggle towards it is uppermost in the minds of men.

In past ages, which extend far beyond the times of recorded history, men have, without a doubt, dreamed dreams of peace and brotherhood, when all men would live as brothers and the welfare of each would be the concern of all. The most familiar expressions of such an ideal are found in the prophetic books of the Old Testament. There the prophets of old, standing aghast at the conditions of their times, cried out in honest condemnation of the evils that existed, pictured the world as they believed it could become and urged the people to leave off their evil doings and strive for the ideal. Thus we hear Isaiah saying, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace." And elsewhere in Isaiah we read his immortal words:

"And they will beat their swords
into plowshares,

And their spears into pruning-
hooks:

Nation will not lift up sword
against nation,

Neither shall they learn war any
more."

This dream of universal peace comes to its fullest development in the message delivered to the world by Jesus about God as a God of love and all men as brothers. All succeeding generations of men have accepted this ideal in principle, and given concrete demonstration of its acceptance in their celebration of the Christmas festival based on the birth stories of the New Testament gospels. The fact that many pagan observances are also included in our mid-winter festivities in celebration of Christmas is generally recognized and accepted, but it does not alter the point that is here being made, that the ideal of peace among men is a principle that has real validity, and that for that reason alone, if for no other, we are justified in rejoicing regardless of what conditions may exist between men or nations. The ideal is valid. It is recognized by men. And through pain and bloodshed, through error and misunderstanding, mankind is slowly working its way in the direction of that ideal.

Poets and prophets, preachers and philosophers have all expressed themselves on the subject at one time or another down through the ages to the times in which we live. There are no more beautiful songs than those we sing at Christmas time. They wring the heart with longing for the time when the ideal will be fulfilled. They stir the mind with dreams of the world as it could be made, compelling dreams, that urge men onward to the goal. But the goal is still a distant dream, and many are in doubt about how they should approach the celebration of our sixth war Christmas.

However, an element has entered into

the picture during these years since the war began, that gives promise of producing more abundant results in our efforts to achieve the age old dream of peace than have ever yet been produced since men began to develop conceptions of what it would mean for the world to be permanently at peace. Up to within comparatively recent times, peace and brotherhood have existed largely as ideals. They have been ideals which everyone dreamed of, which everyone wanted to see established, which attempts have been made to establish, but which have failed of realization because of various shortcomings of the organization and administration of the agencies which were set up to do the work. Included in these efforts are of course the League of Nations as well as different peace councils that have been set up at various times, usually at the conclusion of a war when settlement was being made and peace terms were being drawn up and reparations were being exacted. But now a new element has entered the picture which gives promise of greater success in the establishment of peace than has yet been achieved, and in it we find ample reason for rejoicing this Christmas and of proclaiming the advent of peace to the world in spite of the fact that we are still at war.

The new element is what might be termed the scientific approach to the problem of establishing peace. For long years the subject of peace was a matter left largely in the hands of idealists, seers, prophets and dreamers. They presented us with the goal towards which to strive. But the methods, the actual mechanics of winning that goal, and once having won it, of holding it, was, for all practical purposes almost completely neglected.

The League of Nations had its day. Up to the time of its organization it was the most concerted and universal effort that had ever been made to preserve peace and amity in the world. We needn't go into the reasons for its failure.

They were many and probably inevitable under the circumstances of the organization of the League. However, from its failure the nations learned, with the result that now, while still engaged in bringing an outlaw nation under control, they are taking steps, very promising steps, in anticipation of an early end of the war, in Europe at least, to set up the machinery for establishing a firmly founded peace so that men may live in the full enjoyment of the Four Freedoms everywhere in the world.

Preliminary steps have been taken at each of the meetings of the leaders of the United Nations, although the earliest meetings dealt with matters more directly concerning the prosecution of the war. But beginning with the first meetings of Churchill and Roosevelt on through each successive meeting, at Casablanca, at Teheran, with Churchill coming to America and with Churchill going to Moscow, and with meetings of important leaders of the respective nations, notable steps have been taken. Then there was the International Food Conference at Hot Springs, Arkansas. There certain international policies were settled upon and clarified. But most recent and most significant was the meeting held at Dumbarton Oaks, Aug. 21st to Oct. 7th of this year. At this meeting a preliminary outline was made of a plan for post-war international organization. The plan was drawn up by men who attempted to look at things realistically and practically, and who tried to maintain a healthy respect for the problems by which they were confronted. They drew up their plan for the avowed purpose of maintaining international peace and security, but were not under any illusions about the completeness nor perfection of it. There will, without a doubt, be many changes in it before it will be finally accepted or an attempt be made to implement it. As it stands at the present time some criticism has been made of it for omissions and failure to take into full con-

sideration certain existing threats to the future peace and harmony of the world. But it does represent, on the whole, a realistic approach to the problems of world organization with safeguards for the peace and security of the nations. It represents an honest effort to bring to fulfilment the age old dream of peace and good will, the ideal of the brotherhood of man.

For countless centuries the idealists and dreamers had kept the ideal alive. They had urged it upon men until it gained acceptance in their hearts to such an extent that, in celebration of Jesus' birth as the founder of the Christian religion and the symbol of all that is meant by the ideals of peace, goodwill and brotherhood, they became the central theme of the Christmas festival.

We will soon be celebrating our sixth war-time Christmas. Will we be able to sing the old songs with the same old enthusiasm and the same whole hearted joy? Of course we will! As the war draws nearer to a close and the time draws nearer when the plans that are even now under consideration by the nations for the preservation of peace and international security, will be implemented, we can't but be seized by the exciting thought that the work for peace down through the ages may be crowned with success in our time. In any event more is being done in a practical and a realistic way, and more is being planned by practical minded men for the establishment of peace than has ever before been done in history, and on a broader scale. We are nearer peace this Christmas than we have been on any preceding Christmas. Let us therefore rejoice and let us sing, for we may now look forward to real content being given to the well loved words of the song we have often sung:

For, lo! the days are hastening on

By prophet bards foretold,

When with the ever-circling years

Comes round the age of gold:

When peace shall over all the earth

Its ancient splendors fling,

And the whole world give back the song

Which now the angels sing.

Music of Iceland

By BJORG VIOLET ISFELD



When Iceland in 1930 celebrated the one thousandth anniversary of the Althing, world's oldest parliament, the United States Congress gave to Iceland a statue of Leif Ericson in recognition of his discovery of America. Great Britain on the same occasion ceded to Iceland the title "Mother of Parliament."

Both of these nations, Britain and the U. S. have since 1940 occupied the Little Island, as a defensive measure against the aggression of Germany, which had by that time overrun Denmark, and part of Norway.

It is then as a "guard," of Leif's 'Vinland' that Iceland rises out of the mist of isolation and obscurity and becomes known to the people of this continent.

When the geographic position and isolation of Iceland is considered, it is not surprising that her people keenly sensitive to beauty and rhythm and possessing a highly cultivated language should become a poetic and a musical nation.

Music in Iceland like in most other countries had its beginning in the church. At first the Gregorian Chant of the mediaeval church, then after the reformation the "Grallara-söngur" (from Graduale).

The first edition of the Grallari was published at Hólum 1594. It contained a preface written by Bishop Oddur Einarson which was the first printed matter pertaining to music, appearing in Iceland. There were in all 19 editions of this book from 1594 to 1779.

In the sixth edition there is an appendix dealing with rudimentary instructions regarding notation, time, scales keys and modes etc.

The "Grallari," is called the old song method in contradistinction to the more modern notation, introduced by Magnus

Stephensen in a hymn book published in 1801.

Magnus Stephenson had spent considerable time in Denmark and was instrumental in bringing to Iceland several secular songs popular at that time in Copenhagen. These songs however were not received with much favour, but nevertheless served as a stimulus to creative talent.

In 1812 there was born the man who was later called the "father of music" in Iceland, in that he exercised greater influence musically on the nation than any other man up to that time. His name was Petur Guðjonsson. Upon completion of his college course, he was sent to Copenhagen, by the founders of a primary school in Reykjavik, to study pedagogy, that he might on his return become head master of the school.

He was profoundly impressed by the music he heard in Copenhagen, and vowed to carry back to his native land some of the wealth of beauty in sound, he so much enjoyed. He used every spare moment and opportunity to study music, especially organ and singing.

He returned to Reykjavik three years later to take up his post as head of the school, and as organist in the church. Six years later he became professor of music at the college, which had that year 1846 been moved from Bessastaðir to Reykjavik and at which music was an option.

In 1854 he presented a male voice choir (composed of his students) in a public performance, which was the first of its kind in Iceland. His pupils subsequently spread music far and wide in the land.

One of his outstanding students was Jonas Helgason. He organized a mixed choir; a male voice choir of business and professional men and music appreciation groups. He also published many books

conducive to further musical education in the country, and so we find towards the end of the 19th, century the people of Iceland keenly alive to a new medium of expression, the medium of sound.

The Icelanders have always been a serious minded people, and it is therefore not surprising to find them seeking a greater measure of musical education in the richer fields abroad.

The most noteworthy of these was Sveinbjörn Sveinbjörnson, a man of medium stature, and a high strung temperament. He graduated from college in 1868 and sailed for Scotland where he remained for a short time before going to Copenhagen. After two years study in Piano and composition he returned to Scotland and taught for some time. He then went to Germany and studied under Reineke at the Leipsig Conservatory. Upon completion of his course he again returned to Scotland and spent his most fruitful years composing, and in concert tours. His compositions range from vocal solo and piano pieces, to chamber, choral and orchestral works. He wrote a prologue and incidental music to a play based on "The Prodigal Son", by Hall Cain. Some of his better known vocal solos are Valagils River, The Vikings Grave, The Challenge of Thor, and King Sverrir.

His "Hymn of Praise" which is Iceland's national hymn, is a magnificent composition, and truly expresses the spirit of its people—the virile strength, reverberations of the powerful waterfalls, the tenderness and lofty pathos of a spirit conscious at once of its weakness and its strength, its faith in the Almighty.

He compiled a collection of Icelandic Folk Songs, which like most of his compositions was published in Scotland.

In honour of the visit of the king of Denmark to Iceland in 1907 he wrote a Cantata for which he was knighted. He was also made honorary professor of music in the Royal Conservatory Denmark. He spent his last years in his native land at the invitation of the

government, and on his death was given a state funeral as is the custom with Iceland's greatest sons.

Since the time of Petur Guðjónsen there have appeared a great number of composers and musicians in Iceland, but space permits the mention of only a few of the most outstanding.

Bjarni Thorsteinson, who compiled the hymn book now most extensively used in Icelandic churches, Arni Thorsteinson composer, Sigfus Einarson, organist conductor and composer. Some of his songs are among the best loved Icelandic songs. Jón Laxdal composer, Björgvin Guðmundsson who spent many years in Canada. He studied composition at the Royal Academy in England, and is now actively engaged in teaching and composing in Iceland. Sigvaldi Kaldalóns composer. He has written many beautiful songs. Páll Isolfson, organist and composer. He won the prize for the Millennial Cantata in 1930. Emil Thorodsen composer. Jón Leifs. Haraldur Sigurdson pianist and teacher at the Royal Conservatory Copenhagen. Petur Jonsson, Eggert Stefansson and Stefan Islandi Operatic tenors. Maria Markan soprano, who has toured England, Australia, Germany and Denmark and is now a member of the Metropolitan Opera Company N. Y.

There are many more whose inestimable influence in music will be felt as a growing force, for there is scarcely an Icelandic family which does not enjoy its own music making, where the members gather together to weave in harmony of sound, the pattern in the fabric of their lives.

Who knows then but that the "Fjallkona" the proud "Mother Iceland" may be even now preparing to give to the music world as she has given to the world of literature, not another Beethoven, Toscaninni, or a Sibelius, but her own son—the son of Iceland; who shall be a link in the ever lengthening chain of immortals.

Three Fables

By J. MAGNUS BJARNASON

Translated by KRISTJAN J. AUSTMANN

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THE YULE-HALL

★

The Yule-Hall beautiful stood by the highroad where it wends its stormy way through the narrow mountain passes. It was an hospice for far wandering wayfarers. No one, were he prince or pauper, was ever refused a welcome there.

Upon a winter's night, in darkness and storm an armoured Knight bore down upon this hostel. He was a man of advancing years, yet quick and hale withal. He had come from a great distance, travelling by day and night. He was on his way to board ship at the nearest port for he was intent upon going abroad.

And now, because of the gathering darkness and the increasing fury of the storm, he paused before the Yule-Hall. He dismounted, knocked upon the gate and begged lodging for the night. The keeper of the gate met him with the open arms of hospitality, and escorted him within the palace. He brought him dry raiment and gave him food and drink. His charger was housed in a warm stall where the manger teemed with hay and oats.

But for all the gladness of the welcome in the Yule-Hall the Knight soon became sad and downcast. Once before he had been a guest in this self same Hall, but then it had been radiant with the light of a thousand candles; bells had pealed forth in tumultuous acclaim from the belfry, and soft music had pervaded all the air; a multitude of children clad in snowy white had sung sweet songs of gladness and played upon harps of gold.—But that had been long ago,—long, long ago when he was a little boy.

But now there was a great change. The bells still hung in the belfry, but they were silent. There was no music in the air. The candles were few and the light they shed was dim, and there were no children to be seen.

The Knight was astonished.

"Why is everything so silent sad and dim?" he asked the keeper of the gate.

"Here everything is as it is wont to be," replied the keeper of the gate.

"The bells are not ringing," said the Knight.

"Indeed they are ringing, but you do not hear them, for the storm without has dulled your hearing."

"The candles are few and their light is feeble."

"The candles are all burning brightly, but darkness without has dimmed your vision."

"But the Children, where are they?"

"They ran up into the galleries when you entered because a chill spread from your armour."

"Will it be long until my hearing and my sight are restored to me?" asked the Knight.

"They will never be restored until you learn to be merciful," replied the keeper of the gate.

"I have fought a hundred duels and I have conquered twenty cities," said the Knight, "but I have ever striven to be merciful to those whom I have vanquished, and I have never ill treated any animal," and his eyes kindled as he spoke.

"But you have forgotten to be merciful unto yourself, Sir," said the keeper of the gate, gently.

"I do not understand!" exclaimed the Knight and a look of bewilderment overspread his face.

"You have sold the Child-Heart in

you, —the Child-Heart that God gave to you,—you have sold it into sorest bondage, you have sold it for worthless pelf and useless power. And that is why you cannot find the joy and gladness that is freely bestowed on all who seek the shelter of this Hall."

"And will I then never find that happiness?" the Knight inquired, sadder and more downcast than before.

"Never until you again set free from bondage the Child-Heart in you."

And when the Knight heard this he turned pale as death. "Oh God" he cried aloud, "Oh God, grant me again the Child-Heart in me!"

Scarce had the last word left his lips when he beheld a little child in snowy white was standing by his side.

"Come," said the little child taking him by the hand, "let me show you my toys."

And the stately Knight did as the little child bade him to do; it led him down the palace hall to where a tiny cradle stood before a marble altar.

"Look," said the child.

"Look here," said the child, "and see my toys."

He turned and looked across the hall. And it seemed as though something were lifted from his eyes. The Hall was now lighted with the radiant glow of a thousand candles, the bells were ringing in the belfry peeling forth their cheer and a multitude of little children, all in snowy white, were swarming about the place, singing their songs of gladness and playing their harps of gold.

And the aged, travel weary Knight found the same joy and happiness that he had known when he was a little boy, **for he had set free the Child-Heart in him from sorest bondage.**

★ ★ ★

THE PEACE CONFERENCE

★

In the land of the Trolls or Giants there is a long deep valley that runs from north to south. On the eastward slope of this valley there lived in ancient times a giant by the name of Hardgrip; on the western slope lived another giant whose name was Widegrasp. Below, in the valley, there lived a race of Dwarfs. The Dwarfs indeed knew that these giants lived on the mountain slopes, but they spoke a different language and so had no dealings with them.

But there was great enmity between the giants; this was because they were losing some sunshine, and each one blamed the other for the loss. The evening sun shone longer on the eastern slope. But the western slope had more of the morning sun. The giants had agreed between themselves that they would settle this matter once and for all by fighting it out with their cudgels down in the valley. And they named a certain day.

On a mountain peak, not far from the valley lived a light elf, who was so good he could not bear the sight of any ill. He soon discovered what the giants purposed doing, and he knew that if the giants fought their duel in the valley it would mean the destruction of the Dwarfs, for the giants would wade the earth up to their knees in their fury, and would overwhelm everything. He therefore determined to forestall the terrible danger that threatened the dwarfs.

So therefore he set out and in due time came to the abode of Hardgrip. It was late in the day and the evening sun shone in all its glory on the eastern slopes of the valley.

Hardgrip was partaking of his evening meal. He received the lightelf coldly at first, but asked him what brought him there.

"Be thou hail and hearty, Hardgrip the Strong," said the lightelf gently.

"I come to enjoy the last beams of the setting sun, for the sun blesses your abode after it has bid goodnight to all on the western valley slope.

"But the morning sun never succeeds in shining here," said the giant, "because mine enemy on the western slope enchants and seduces all the beams to himself."

"Yet he never receives a single ray of the evening sun, because they all fall on you," said the lightelf mildly.

"'Tis true," said the giant, "but that is because of my destiny. Enjoy thou the evening glow with me as long as it will last."

The lightelf accepted his offer gratefully. He sat there conversing with the giant till the close of day. Then he went home.

At sunrise the next morning the lightelf arrived on the western slope at the dwelling of Widegrasp the giant who was breaking his fast at the time and his brow was heavy.

"Be thou of all giants most season happy, Widegrasp the Doughty," said the light elf.

"Few have hailed me thus," said Widegrasp the giant, "but tell me what brings you here?"

"I came to enjoy the warmth of the morning sun, for the morning sun seems at it's happiest here with you."

"But the evening sun never comes," said Widegrasp, "because mine enemy Hardgrip the Troll lures it away. But he shall pay dearly for that."

"But he never receives one single beam of the blessed morning sun, for it shines only upon this slope of the valley."

"That is because of my good fortune," said Widegrasp.

"In that I am sure that Hardgrip would agree with thee," said the lightelf.

"Didst thou see him?"

"I visited him last evening and enjoyed the evensun with him," said the lightelf, and I did not hear him say one ill word of thee."

"He is the most reserved of giants," said Widegrasp the troll, "but enjoy thou the morning sun as long as it shine."

And the lightelf tarried on the western slope of the valley till mid-morning.

By mid-even the lightelf had returned to Hardgrip the giant's abode, and greeted him warmly.

"Welcome back," said Hardgrip, "and tarry thou long."

The lightelf thanked him for his invitation.

"I find quite as much pleasure sitting here of an evening," quoth he, as I find in lounging on the western slope of a morning."

"Wert thou there this morning?" inquired Hardgrip.

"I was honoured by Widegrasp the giant, spending with him the whole time from sunrise til midmorn."

"He is my sworn enemy," said Hardgrip.

"He spoke well of thee, sir, not ill."

"What did he say about me?"

"He said thou werest reserved of speech."

"He spoke truth," said Hardgrip, "and I have long known that his judgment was sound and that he recognizes virtues when he sees them."

The lightelf spent the evening till nightfall in high favor with Hardgrip.

Next morning early he again visited Widegrasp, who welcomed him cordially.

"Didst thou see Hardgrip the Troll last night?" inquired Widegrasp.

"I did, and it was indeed delightful," said the lightelf, "for I love the rays of the even sun quite as I love those of the morning."

"Hardgrip the Troll is hostile to me."

"But he spoke well of thee."

"What did he say?"

"He said that thy judgment were sound and that thou recognizes virtues when thou see them."

"Therein gave he me benefit of truth," said Widegrasp "and that shows he has not been denied the gift of intelligence. Indeed I should gladly have owned him

my friend had there been any way."

"And thy friend undoubtedly he would wish to be if he might," said the lightelf and he gazed into the eyes of the giant.

Widegrasp was silent and looked eastwards across the valley to Hardgrip's homestead.

The following day the lightelf invited both giants to visit him. They did so. By high noon they had reached the mountain peak where the lightelf dwelt. At first the giants looked balefully at one another, but they held their tempers in check for they did not wish to create a disturbance in the presence of the lightelf.

"Be you both of you most welcome here," said the lightelf. "Now, as you see, the sun is at high noon. And if you look down into your valley you will observe that it pours the full flood of it's rays in equal measure upon both your homesteads and over the whole valley. But observe you as well the tall mountain peaks on either side the valley. Think you not now that these high peaks may now in some way prevent the blessed sun from shining equally on both slopes of the valley at morn and eventide.

The giants gazed a long time, sometimes into the valley, and again at the peaks on either side. Suddenly they seemed to awaken as from a dream; they looked at the lightelf and then at one another, and then they clasped hands long and earnestly.

"Now we understand it all," they said with one voice.

The lightelf smiled gently and bade them both to enter his castle for the feast.

And Hardgrip and Widegrasp accompanied each other home that evening. And they were ever afterwards the closest and dearest of friends.

But the little dwarfs in the valley never knew of the terrible danger that had threatened them, and they never knew how deeply they were indebted to the good Light Elf.

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THE MIRAGE OF TIME

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In Arcadia in ancient times there was a certain large and populous city. A little to the south of the city lay a great, sombre forest, called the Forest of the Gods. They were few indeed who could hope to return that ventured deeply into its glades. Often strange, wierd music could be heard from the depths of the forest. This was wafted on the wings of the breeze as it rustled through the leaves at twilight. And sometimes when the moon was wading deeply in clouds one could see white-clad forms about in the edges of the wood.

One time, late in the autumn, a young man strode out of the forest and entered the city. He wore a jerkin of goat skin. His face was thin and long, and the hair was brushed back from the forehead, so that, from a distance, there was something akin to a billy-goat about him. He carried a fife in his hand and it was made of the stalks of reeds; he seemed in quite a hurry. He went before the Earl who ruled the city and said: "I would have winter quarters of thee, Sire."

"What is thy name and where is thy home?" inquired the Earl.

"My name I conceal for the moment," quoth the young man, "but I am a goat-herd and I live deep within the forest."

"Why didst thou leave thy home?"

"Because I lost my love betrothed; she was drowned in a stream in the forest."

"What else canst thou do besides the herding of goats?"

"I can play this fife I hold in my hand."

"Well then, play thou merry, lilting dance melodies every evening of the winter and thou shalt have each time, as thy reward, a coin of gold and a beaker of wine."

"But I know no dance melodies, Sire," said the goat-herd, "and I never drink

wine. On my fife I play only songs of sadness, and sing of love loss and sorrow. Furthermore I live solely on goat's milk and honey."

The Earl laughed a great laugh and said to his men: This man is mad. Escort him to the forest and see to it that never again is he permitted to enter the city."

And the goat-herd was led to the forest, and never again did he return. But there was much discussion in the city about this man and his fife, and many were the conjectures made as to his name and who he might be.

Then a thousand years passed. The great forest had become but brush wood, and the great city had dwindled to a town. But they still talked of the goat-herd; they now felt certain that he had been a Prince bewitched.

And so another thousand years passed.

The brushwood had turned to heather, and the town to a little village, and still the goat-herd was to be found on the lips of the inhabitants. They now had adequate proof that he had been born where the Town Hall stood in the market place.

Yet another thousand years passed by. Now there were but sandy wastes where the heather grew before, and the village was but a lodgings by the wayside in the desert. And still they told of the goat-herd and his fife and his sweetheart and how he had lost her and mourned. And now men had acquired absolute proof as to his identity: that he was none other than the Originator of Music—he who had first peeled a pipe from a reed, the Great Genius himself,—of all the half-gods the most immortal,—**Sylvanus Faunus Pan.**

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Björnsson's Book Store, 702 Sargent Ave., Winnipeg.

H. F. Danielson, 869 Garfield St., Winnipeg.

REQUEST TO OUR READERS

We again ask people of Icelandic extraction to send us photographs and particulars of men and women in the Armed Services of Canada and the United States.

Up to this time we have had to confine our efforts to groups of three or more in a family, but will now be glad to publish pictures of individuals as well as groups. It is our desire to keep as complete a record as possible, and in order to do so we ask your co-operation. Information and photographs of those killed in action is especially requested.

G. Finnbogason, The War Effort Dept.,
641 Agnes St., Winnipeg, Man.

Margrjet J. Benedictson



Margrjet J. Benedictson is one of the outstanding personalities among Icelandic Pioneers in North America.

She was born March 16, 1866 in the north of Iceland and came of good stock of farmers and artisans, among whom are found writers and poets, as for instance, Helga Baldwinsdottir, another pioneer, who wrote poetry under the pen name of "Undina".



MARGRJET J. BENEDICTSON

Mrs. Benedictson "made her own way" in the world, in the strictest sense of that phrase, from the time she was 13 years old; first in the old country up to the age of 20 and then as an immigrant to this country.

She settled first in North Dakota. She worked her way through grade school and two years of College, doing most of her studying extramurally, as she had to earn her living at the same time. Ill health as a result of overwork, prevented her from finishing her college education. She then went to Winnipeg, Manitoba. There she went to night school and completed a course in shorthand, typewriting and book-keeping. She never made professional

use of this, however, both because there were few openings for stenographers in Winnipeg at that time, and also because, shortly after completing her course, she was married to Sigfus Benedictson thus undertaking the duties of wife and mother. Two children, born of this union are now living, both married and living in the State of Washington: Ingi Benedictson, living in Blaine and Mrs. Dolsted in Anacartiss. But besides the duties of her household, Mrs. Benedictson found time to give herself to literary work, mostly of a controversial nature, in support of human causes in which she was keenly interested. Of these, women's rights was foremost in her mind at this time. She read about Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and many others, who were doing valiant battle for women's rights, and later she made their personal acquaintance through correspondence. In reply to a question from the writer of this sketch, she said that Mrs. Stanton was her ideal. But she was not satisfied with a merely passive interest in justice for women, she determined to do something about it. She felt that her part in the struggle would be that of converting the Icelandic women to the Cause. So with her husband she set up a little printing press in their home (then in Selkirk, Manitoba) and launched the publication of a women's rights magazine named "Freyja" and of which she was the editor for the 12 years of its life. At the end of these 12 years, "Freyja" ceased publication on account of Mrs. Benedictson's failing eyesight at the time, but anyone wishing to be informed on the history of the women's rights movement in Canada and the United States for this period, would do well to peruse the pages of "Freyja". In addition to her literary work she made effective uses of the public platform, for she is a fluent public speaker.

Mrs. Benedictson, now at the age of 78, is living alone in a little house in

Blaine, Washington. She is still interested in the problems of human life and eager to discuss them. She has earned an honored place among our great pioneers, because she was a great pioneer,

not only in the usual sense of that word, but because she struggled bravely for that better human world envisioned by poets and seers; a human world based on justice and truth. **A. E. K.**



The Silent Christmas Seal

By MARY VIOLA OLSON



In every year a Christmas stamp
To you makes its appeal,
It helps to fight a dread disease,
This silent Christmas Seal.

In silence it appeals to you
For aid which you may give
To those whose strength is ebbing fast,
That they may smile and live.

The "Cross of Lorraine" on the stamp,
A symbol of good cheer,
That keeps Hope's candle burning bright
Throughout the whole long year.

So buy these silent Christmas Seals;
Yes, buy without delay;
Remember they will always help
To keep a foe at bay.

When people ask goodwill to men
For peace on earth appeal
It's earnest plea for help does make
The silent Christmas Seal.

READERS are invited to send in news of people of Icelandic extraction, especially our soldiers overseas. Original articles and poems as well as translations from the Icelandic would be appreciated. Letters to the Editors may be published. You are invited to let us know what you think of our publication.

THE EDITORS

J. Magnus Bjarnason

★

To those readers of the Icelandic Canadian who read the Icelandic, Mr. Bjarnason needs no introduction, for there is no more widely known or more universally loved author in the language. They will have laughed at old Castilhó in the *Brazil Voyageurs*, (*Brazil-lúfarnir*) and they will have wept over Eric Hanson's heart-breaking struggle to reach his beloved Grandmother, and so they will have come under his spell.

To those who have not had the good fortune to acquire a reading knowledge of the Icelandic it is a little more difficult to give an adequate picture of this remarkable man. But remembering that it is written "By their fruit ye shall know them" it occurred to the writer that perhaps the happiest way was to pluck two or three little berries from this rich vine, translating them to the reader and letting him judge for himself from the sample presented. The three little fables that appear elsewhere in this issue, have been selected more or less haphazard from the large number that he has written.

No appraisal of literary merit can here be attempted, nor is it possible to give an account of his many writings. Suffice it to say that the eagerness with which his books are read by young and old all down the years says much indeed for their quality.

One thing, however, is to be kept in mind when reading Magnus Bjarnason. In his earlier years he is writing for a people who, torn up by the roots have transplanted themselves in a new land, among strangers. Looked down upon as foreigners, many often suffered from a sense of inferiority. Ever the guide and teacher, in his own way, Magnus Bjarnason holds up the mirror to the Landi himself showing him contending with other peoples in all walks of life and doing very well. An outsider might per-

haps feel some passages come near to bragging; but he must remember he is telling of the deeds of his children, whom he loves and of whom he is intensely proud, and telling this to others who are in need of this very moral support. Who



J. Magnus Bjarnason

then could blame such a father for bragging ever so little upon such an occasion.

Another characteristic of Magnus Bjarnason's writing is its intense realism. Everything is so very real in his stories and novels that it is very difficult to persuade oneself that the events are not historical actualities. It has happened not seldom that, when Mr. Bjarnason has been asked for further details of what happened to so and so in such and such a story and he has been driven to confess that he had really only been romancing, the enquirer has expressed some annoyance at being deceived.

Many other things could be said about this author's writings if space permitted.

But there is one more characteristic I should like to mention. It pervades all his works. There is about everything that J. Magnus Bjarnason has written an attractive, cheery, human goodness that is infective, you "catch" it, and you "have it" from then on.

Mr. Bjarnason was born in Iceland on the 24th of May 1866. When nine years of age, in 1875, he moved with his parents to Canada. They settled on the Mooseland Hills, above and to the east of the Musquodoboit Valley in Halifax County, Nova Scotia. Here they lived until the spring of 1882 when they moved to Winnipeg. Here he attended High School and later the Normal School.

At twenty-one he married Guðrún, the daughter of Mr. Hjörleif Björnsson and his wife Ragnhildur. They have now been married over fifty seven years, and it is characteristic of these remarkable people that they are still the same ardent lovers they were in their youth. No offspring blessed this happy union, but their adopted children have long since gone forth into the world. Both are now in very frail and failing health and have attained the great age of seventy nine. And it is an astonishing fact, that in spite of serious, nearly fatal illness a few months back, and the multiplying years, the pen has not yet been entirely laid aside or productivity ceased.

For over twenty-five years Mr. Bjarnason taught school in various rural districts of Manitoba. He then worked for four years as secretary to a large contracting firm in Vancouver, B. C., after which he moved to the little town of Elfros in Saskatchewan, where they have lived ever since, in retirement. Always in frail health one cannot but marvel at this man's total achievement.

Mr. Bjarnason's published works are: Tales and Poems 1892; A Book of Poems 1898; Eiríkur Hanson, published in three

parts, 1899 to 1903; Braziliufararnir, a novel in two parts published in 1905 and 1908; Vornætur á Elgsheiðum, a collection of short stories from Nova Scotia, published 1910; Haustkvöld við hafið, a novel published 1928; Karl litli, a novel published 1935; Rauðárdalurinn, (The Red River Valley), a novel published serially in Syrpa, a Winnipeg periodical.

In addition to these Mr. Bjarnason has written many short stories and poems which have appeared in various Icelandic periodicals in both Canada and Iceland. He has also written a remarkable collection of fables which have appeared in various publications from time to time. Three of these appear in this issue.

As yet unpublished is a Diary that he has kept for many years. To this he has confided his impressions of the personalities he has met and travelled with down the corridors of time.

His collected works are being published now in Iceland, in uniform edition, and the first volumes are expected in this country as soon as transportation can be effected.

Mr. J. Magnus Bjarnason has been a devoted son to Iceland. At the same time he has been a true son to Canada, intensely loyal to her and to her institutions, which he loves. And he has believed deeply in the British Empire as one of the greatest forces for good in the world today. One might say that he is a vivid and striking example of that richer loyalty that derives from the deep, mutually nourishing and supporting loyalties that enrich the lives of so many Canadian and British subjects today, with wider and deeper sympathies and understanding.

In recognition of his literary work the Icelandic Government has made him a knight of the Royal Order of the Icelandic Falcon.

K. J. Austmann

Our War Effort



WING.-COM. B. T. HERMANN MARTEINSON

Born at Gimli, Man., Jan. 5, 1907. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in 1943 as a surgical consultant. Went to England in March 1944, where he is now serving in the same capacity. Prior to enlisting he was a practicing surgeon at Port Albernie, B. C.

Son of Rev. & Mrs. R. Marteinson, Vancouver, B. C., formerly of Winnipeg, Man.



Wing-Com. B. T. H. Marteinson

LIEUT. (j.g.) GUDMUNDUR LEONARD DALSTED

Born at Svold, N. D., U. S. A., May 5, 1915. Enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve March, 1942. Trained at Columbia University, N. Y., and took a special course at Washington, D. C. From there he was sent to Iceland in March 1943, where he now serves with the U. S. Naval Intelligence Branch.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. J. O. Dalsted, Grand Forks, N. D., formerly of Mountain, N. D.



Lieut. (j.g.) G. L. Dalsted



LT.-COL. CHRISTIAN JOHNSON

Born at Upham, N. D., April 24, 1907. Volunteered for military service when the United States entered the war. Upon enlisting he entered special training in the Field Medical Service School, Carlisle, Pa., and the School of Tropical Medicine in Washington, D. C. Prior to enlisting he was a practicing physician at Rugby, N. D.

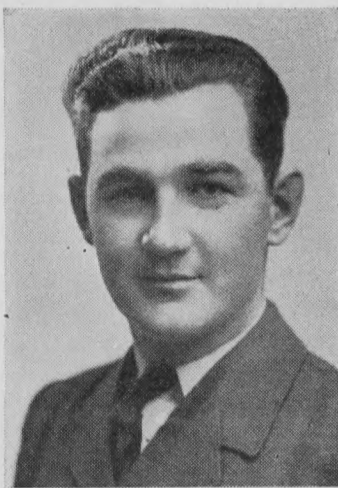
Son of Mrs. Gudrun and the late Gudbjartur Johnson of Upham, N. D.



Lt.-Col. Christian Johnson



L.A.W. Kristin Olson



L.A.C. Magnus (Max) Olson

L.A.W. KRISTIN OLSON—Born Feb. 2, 1917 at Churchbridge, Sask. Enlisted July 5, 1942; now stationed at Alliford Bay, B. C.

L.A.C. MAGNUS (MAX) OLSON—Born at Churchbridge, Sask., Sept. 25, 1918. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Nov. 1941. Went overseas in Nov. 1942.

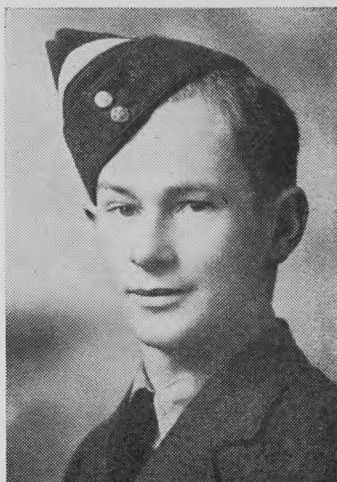
**PARENTS, MRS. INGIBJORG THORA OLSON AND THE LATE
ALEXANDER O. OLSON OF CHURCHBRIDGE, SASK.**



L.A.C. RONALD W. FRIDFINNSON—Born in Winnipeg, Man., April 7, 1924. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Nov. 1942. Trained at Regina and finished his Wireless course in Montreal. Now stationed at Cape Scott, B.C. Son of Mrs. Bertha Fridfinnson & the late Mr. William (Bill) Fridfinnson of Winnipeg.



FLT.-SGT. HAROLD S. BRYNJOLFSON—Born at Winnipeg, Man., July 21, 1922. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Nov. 1942. Embarked for overseas in Sept. 1943. Is now serving with the R.A.F in India. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Binney Brynjolfson, formerly of Winnipeg, now of Vancouver, B. C.

**Bdr. E. F. Guttormson****Sgt. Hinrik Guttormson**

BDR. EINAR FRIDRIK GUTTORMSON—Born at Poplar Park, Man., Dec. 9, 1921. Enlisted in R. C. Artillery Jan. 1943. Trained at Fort Garry and Brandon. Went Overseas in July 1944. Wounded in France Aug. 15. Now in hospital in England.

SGT. HINRIK GUTTORMSON—Born Poplar Park, Man., Jan. 19, 1925. Joined R.C.A.F. Oct. 1943. Trained Edmonton, Winnipeg, Mont Joli and Valleyfield. Graduated as Air Gunner May 1944. Went overseas July 1944. Now serving in England.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. EINAR GUTTORMSON, POPLAR PARK, MAN.



P.O. HAROLD OLAFSON—Born June 28, 1923. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. in Jan. 1943. Took special Ferry Command Training at Comox, B. C. Went overseas in Sept. 1944. Now serving in India. Son of Mrs. Gerda Olafson and the late Mr. Christian Olafson, of Winnipeg, Man.



F.O. ROBERT L. (BUD) STEPHENSON—Born April 2, 1922. Enlisted Jan. 1943. Trained at Saskatoon, Mossbank and Winnipeg, graduating in Jan. 1944. Is now instructing at Paulson, Man. Son of Mr. & Mrs. G. L. Stephenson, Winnipeg, Man.



Stkr. 1c L. V. Erlendson



Leading Stkr. A. J. Erlendson

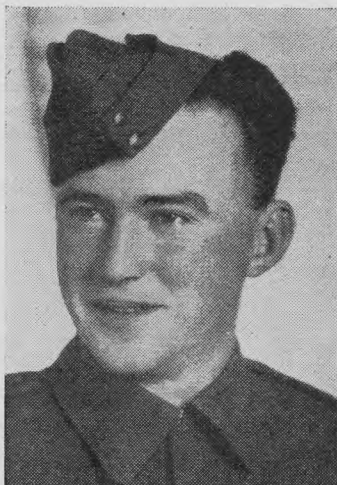
LEADING STOKER ALLAN JOHN ERLENDSON—Born Ocean Falls, B. C., July 21, 1921. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. in March 1942 at Vancouver, B.C., took his training at Esquimalt, now stationed at Halifax, N. S.

STOKER FIRST CLASS LEONARD VALDIMAR ERLENDSON—Born Ocean Falls, B.C. June 11, 1925. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. Dec. 1943. Trained at Cornwallis, N. S. Now stationed at Chailton, South Carolina.

SONS OF MRS. G. & THE LATE ERLENDUR ERLENDSON, VANCOUVER, B. C.



A.B. GERALD KEITH STEPHENSON—Born in Winnipeg April 30, 1925. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. Aug. 1943. Now serving on the H.M.C.S. Mayflower overseas. Son of Mr. & Mrs. G. K. Stephenson, Winnipeg, Man.



GNR. AUDBJORN (BARNEY) S. JOHNSON—Born 1917 at Stony Hill, Man. Enlisted Oct. 1943. Now stationed at Coal Harbor, B. C. Son of Mr. & Mrs. S. Johnson, Stony Hill, Man.



Flt.-Sgt. L. J. Hallgrimson L.A.C. Bjorn Hallgrimson W.O. F. H. Hallgrimson

FLT.-SGT. LINDAL J. HALLGRIMSON—Born in Winnipeg, Feb. 8, 1923. Enlisted with the R.C.A.F. Oct. 1941. Trained in Brandon, Calgary and Paulson, and graduated as a Wireless Air Gunner. Posted to No. 4 A.O.S. at Crumlin, Ont. Left for overseas in June 1944 and is serving in England.

L.A.C. BJORN HALLGRIMSON—Born on Nov. 8, 1908 at Winnipeg. Enlisted Jan. 1942 with the R.C.A.F.; was posted to No. 4 Command at Calgary, Alta., where he is stationed at present.

WIRELESS OFFICER FRANKLIN H. HALLGRIMSON—Born in Winnipeg Jan. 3, 1925. Took his wireless training in Winnipeg and joined the Merchant Navy in August 1943, and has been at sea since Nov. 1943.

SONS OF MR. AND MRS. LINDAL J. HALLGRIMSON OF WINNIPEG.



P.F.C. RAYMOND WELDIE

★

Born in Winnipeg, Man., June 1917. Graduated from the University of California, Los Angeles, in 1939. Enlisted in the U. S. Army in Jan. 1943. Trained at Government Military School at Ft. Custer, Battle Creek, Mich. He was the 1939 Champion Basket Ball player of Los Angeles and was a member of the 20th Century Fox Basket Ball Team when they went on a good will tour to China, Japan and Pacific Islands.

Son of Major Victor E. K. Weldie and Matt-hildur Bjarnason Weldie of Los Angeles, Calif.

P.F.C. Raymond Weldie

★



Pte. Johannes Olafson L.A.C. Albert H. Olafson Sgt. Sigurdur W. Olafson

PTE. JOHANNES OLAFSON—Born Dec. 24, 1922 in Morden, Man. Enlisted in Jan. 1942 with the R.C.A.C., trained in Portage La Prairie and Dundurn. Embarked for overseas in Dec. 1943. Now serving with 48th Highlanders of Canada in Italy.

L.A.C. ALBERT H. OLAFSON—Born Sept. 10, 1921 in Morden, Man. Enlisted in Oct. 1941 in the R.C.A.F. Trained in Toronto and St. Thomas. Is now stationed in Calgary as Instrument Maker.

SGT. SIGURDUR W. OLAFSON—Born Aug. 23, 1924 in Morden, Man. Enlisted with R.C.A.F. on Oct. 2, 1943. Trained in Edmonton, Saskatoon and MacDonald. He is now stationed at Three Rivers, where he is completing his Air Gunners' course.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. S. OLAFSON, MORDEN, MAN.

F.O. HILMAR CLIFFORD EYJOLFSON, D.F.C.

Born at Langruth, Man., March 8, 1921, son of Mr. & Mrs. Bjarni Eyjolfson of Langruth. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. 1941, trained at various stations until he was posted overseas in Nov. 1942. He has made 30 flights over enemy territory, and was awarded the D.F.C. for outstanding ability. The citation follows:

"Pilot Officer Eyjolfson has completed many operational sorties throughout which his fine leadership and skill have been outstanding. In March, 1944, he was detailed for an attack on Aulnoye. Just before reaching the south coast of England, one engine of his aircraft failed but with great determination this officer flew on and reached the enemy coast where the port inner engine also failed, necessitating the abandonment of his mission. Displaying superb airmanship he returned to this country where he made a masterly crash landing. At all times Pilot Officer Eyjolfson has shown great determination, pressing home his attacks irrespective of enemy opposition or adverse weather."



F.O. H. C. Eyjolfson, D.F.C.

**CPL. WILLIAM FRANKLIN HARVEY—**

Born in Vancouver, B. C., Dec. 9, 1920. Enlisted in the R.C.A.E. June 1940. Now stationed at Ucuelet, B. C. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Richard J. Harvey, (Anna Bjarnason), formerly of Winnipeg, Man., now at Vancouver, B. C.

**FLT.-SGT. H. ALLAN HALDERSON—**

Born in Winnipeg Nov. 27, 1922. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Jan. 14, 1943, and trained at Brandon, Victoriaville and received his pilot's wings at Brantford, Ont., in March 1944. Arrived overseas April 1944. Son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Halder, 658 Academy Rd., Winnipeg.

★



L.S.B.A. GERALD A. BARDAL — Born Sept. 9, 1916 in Winnipeg, Man. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. in June 1942. Trained at St. John, Nfld., and is now on Convoy duty. Son of Mr. & Mrs. A. S. Bardal of Winnipeg, Man.



F.O. W. H. Finnbogason—Born May 14, 1923 at Winnipeg. Enlisted in R.C.A.F. in Jan. 1943. Trained at Ottawa, Victoriaville, Fingal, and graduated from Crumlin, Ont. Is now instructing at No. 5 A.O.S., Winnipeg. Son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Finnbogason, Winnipeg, Man.

**Gnr. Larus S. Eyford****Pte. H. F. Eyford**

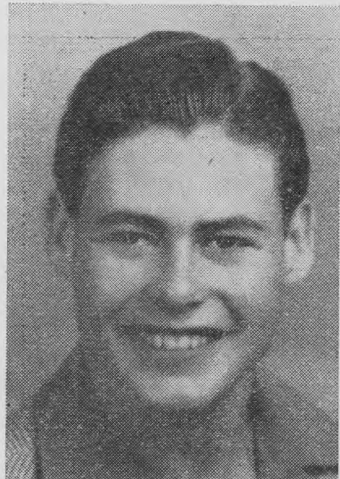
GNR. LARUS SIGURÐUR EYFORD—Born June 2, 1922. Enlisted in R.C.A. June 1942. Trained at Ft. William, Shilo and Kingston. Went overseas July 1943. Reported severely wounded in Italy, Sept. 1944.

PTE. HARALDUR FRAMAR EYFORD—Born Aug. 16, 1918. Enlisted in R.C.A.M.C. July 1942. Trained at Winnipeg, Shilo, Suffield and Nanaimo. Embarked for overseas July 1943. Now serving in Belgium.

SONS OF MR. F. J. AND THE LATE BALDRÚN EYFORD, VOGAR, MAN.



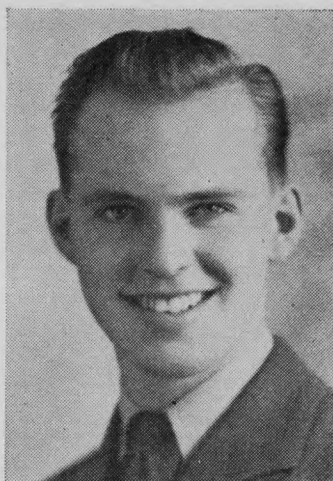
SUB.-LIEUT. CALVIN O. BARDAL—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Sept. 15, 1923. Enlisted in the R.C.N.V.R. in April 1943. Trained at St. Hyacinth, Cornwallis and Kings College. Now stationed at H.M.C.S. Cornwallis. Son of Mr. & Mrs. O. Bardal, Winnipeg, Man.



SEAMAN 1st CLASS JACK BARNESON—Born in Winnipeg, Man., 1925. Enlisted in U. S. Navy June 1943 as Radio Technician. Now stationed in Marshall Islands, South Pacific. Son of the late Mrs. Elin & Mr. Thorsteinn (Bjarnason) Barneson of Hollywood, Calif. U.S.A.



F.O. Harold Grant



P.O. Eric Grant

F.O. HAROLD GRANT—Born in Winnipeg, Man., March 17, 1923. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. Feb. 1942. Trained at Mossbank, Regina and graduated as a pilot at Estevan, Sask. Went overseas in Aug. 1943. Was commissioned in April 1944.

P.O. ERIC GRANT—Born in Winnipeg, Man., Nov. 27, 1924. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Aug. 1943. Trained at Edmonton, Regina, No. 3 Wireless School Winnipeg, graduated from Paulson, Man., B. & G. School at which time he received his commission. Is now an instructor at the school he graduated from.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. H. F. (DISA BARDAL) CZERWINSKI OF WINNIPEG



Gnr. Frank Thorolfson

GUNNER FRANK THOROLFSON

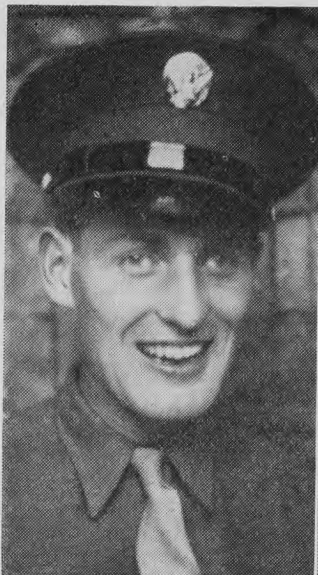


Born in Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 5, 1914. Enlisted in the R. C. Artillery in November 1943, and went overseas in June 1944.

Prior to his enlistment he was one of the leading musicians in Winnipeg, as a teacher, choirmaster and orchestra conductor.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. H. Thorolfson, Winnipeg, Man.





Cpl. S. O. Sigmundsson



Cpl. S. F. Sigmundsson



Cpl. Th. A. Sigmundsson

CPL. SIGURBJÖRN SIGMUNDSSON—Born in Reykjavík, Iceland, August 15, 1917. Enlisted 1942 in New York, N. Y.; now serving overseas.

CPL. SIGMUNDUR FRIÐFINNUR SIGMUNDSSON—Born in Reykjavík, Iceland, Sept. 5, 1918. Enlisted in 1942 in New York, N.Y. Now stationed in Florida.

CPL. THOMAS ARNFJÖRÐ SIGMUNDSSON—Born at Arlington, Va., July 24, 1923. Enlisted in Washington, D.C., 1941. Now stationed in Maryland.

SONS OF MR. & MRS. JOHN SIGMUNDSSON, ARLINGTON. VA., U.S.A.

L.A.C. PERCY ELVIN HANNESSON

★

Born in Winnipeg, Man., in March 1923. Enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Winnipeg in 1942. Now stationed in British Columbia.

Son of Mr. & Mrs. Olafur E. Hannesson, 651 Simcoe St., Winnipeg, Man.



L.A.C. P. E. Hannesson

★

◆ In Memoriam ◆



RURIK WILLIAM THORSTEINSON—

Born Sept. 13, 1922 in Winnipeg. Enlisted with the Ft. Garry Horse. Killed in action Aug. 8, 1944. Is one of four brothers all serving overseas. Son of Mr. & Mrs. A. Thorsteinson, Winnipeg, Man.



F.O. TURNER FREDRICKSON—En-

listed with R.C.A.F. in May 1941. Went overseas Jan. 1942. Killed in Germany the Fall of 1944. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Fred Fredrickson, Glenboro, Man.



PTE. JOEL THEODOR BJORNSON—

Born May 18, 1918. Left for England with P.P.C.L.I. in Dec. 1939. Killed in action in Italy Sept. 18, 1944. Son of Mrs. Hallfridur Olafson of Winnipeg and Hermann Bjornson of Chicago, Ill.



L.-CPL. BALDUR H. BJORNSON—

Member of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. Killed in action Oct. 1, 1944. Born at Gimli, Man. Son of the late Mr. & Mrs. Brynjolfur Bjornson.



MARVIN HJALMARSON—Was awarded Bronze Medal and promoted to 2nd Lieutenant. Killed Nov. 8, 1944 in Holland. (Picture in Sept. 1944 issue).



In Memoriam

★

CPL. SIGURDUR JOHANNSON

★

Born Jan. 28, 1921 at Arborg, Man.
Enlisted in 1942 and went overseas in
1943. Was killed in France Aug. 24,
1944.

★

Son of
Mr. & Mrs. Ingolfur E. Johannson
Riverton, Man.

★

Attorney General of North Dakota

In the recent elections in the United States Nels G. Johnson was elected Attorney General of the State of North

Dakota. He is the son of the late Guðbjartur Johnson of Upham, N. D. and his wife Guðrun who now resides with her daughter Mrs. V. J. Eylands in Winnipeg.

Nels G. Johnson was born in 1896 at Akranes in Iceland and moved to the United States with his parents in 1900 and was brought up on a farm in McHenry County, North Dakota.

Mr. Johnson served in the United States army in World War I, taking part in engagements in the Argonne forest and at St. Mihiel. After the war he entered the college of Liberal Arts at the State University, graduating in 1924. He received his degree in law in 1926 and upon graduation started practice at Minnewaukan. In 1940 he was elected State Attorney in which capacity he served until Jan. 1, 1943.

Mr. Johnson, who is married and has two children, a son and daughter, resides at present at Towner but will move to Bismarck at the end of the year.



NELS G. JOHNSON

The Icelandic School



The Icelandic Canadian Club in conjunction with The Icelandic National League is sponsoring a series of lectures and instruction in the Icelandic language. This series opened October 23rd, in the First Lutheran Church and will close in May. The programme of lectures is as follows:

- Oct. 23—A Geographical Sketch of Iceland, Mrs. Ingibjorg Jonsson.
 - Nov. 13—The Discovery and Colonization of Iceland, Rev. V. J. Eylands.
 - Nov. 27—The Classical Literature of Iceland, Dr. Richard Beck.
 - Dec. 11—The Icelandic Republic 930-1262 Rev. H. E. Johnson.
 - Jan. 8—Introduction of Christianity Rev. P. M. Petursson.
 - Jan. 22—The Colonization of Greenland and Discovery of America, Miss Salome Halldorson.
 - Feb. 12—Snorri Sturluson, Rev. H. E. Johnson.
 - Mar. 12—The Civil Strife 1200-1262, Mrs. Steinunn Sommerville.
 - Mar. 26—The Dark Ages 1262-1750, Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson.
 - Apr. 9—Hallgrimur Petursson, Rev. V. J. Eylands.
 - Apr. 23—The period of Awakening and Enlightenment, Dr. Richard Beck.
 - May 14—Literature of the 19th Century, Prof. Skuli Johnson.
- The lectures start at 8.15 p.m. and

the Icelandic language classes at 9 p.m. The fee for the complete course is \$2.00, with an admission charge of 25¢ for those unable to attend regularly.

Teachers are Miss Salome Halldorson, Mrs. Holmfridur Danielson and Miss L. Guttormson.

The fact that this project fills a long felt want by many has been indicated by the splendid response and attendance to date. Those attending the classes have been divided into groups. The one presided over by Mrs. Danielson takes care of those whose knowledge of Icelandic is mainly a deep rooted desire to become familiar with the language. In this class are many who are not of Icelandic descent themselves but are married to Icelanders, others of mixed parentage who never learned the language, and some few Icelanders born and brought up in Canada whose knowledge of their mother tongue is almost negligible. Another class of which Miss Guttormson is in charge is for the benefit of those with a limited knowledge of Icelandic. A third class conducted by Miss Halldorson takes in people, who while they can speak, read and write Icelandic, still feel that they need further instruction in the language. In the event that a fourth teacher will be required the services of Mrs. A. G. Eggertson are available.

Season's Greetings

City Hydro looks back with pride on another successful year made possible by the support of its many Icelandic friends.

This utility extends to all the heartiest of Season's Greetings. May the New Year see us firmly established on the road to Lasting Peace.

City Hydro



Letters to the Editor

LET US BE ONE

The Icelandic Canadian is now in the fourth year of publication—not very old but old enough to be acclaimed a success.

Those who conceived this idea and have so unstintingly devoted their time and talent, can view the results with just pride. To you I extend my congratulations and best wishes for continued success and future expansion.

The editorial staff of this magazine has graciously offered its facilities to their friends across the border as a medium for the transmission and exchange of ideas and opinions. This is a privilege which should prove interesting and instructive, because—to be an Icelander of good citizenship today calls for bi-focal vision. Especially where environment has been practically non-Icelandic one needs long range vision to observe the objectives of varied problems, and the unanswered questions essentially relative to the preservation of our heritage—which we seek to maintain—and one needs close-range vision to view community relationships.

It is this bi-focal vision that is the genius back of the organization which sponsors this paper.

Robert Frost has a poem "Mending Wall." Here he pictures himself and his neighbor going out each Spring to rebuild the stone wall dividing their land. The poet sees no reason for such a wall, as his apple trees do not harm his neighbors pine trees. But the neigh-

bor only replies "Good fences make good neighbors." So, while they walk the line, each on his side of the wall replacing the stones that rain and frost

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have dislodged, the poet teasingly says:

"Before I built a wall I would ask to
know
What I walled in and what walled out
And who there be would take offence.
Something there is that does not love a
wall

And wants it down."

The farmer only mumbles, "Good fences make good neighbors."

Nobody likes a wall. Yet, how easily we erect these walls of suspicion and pride, walls of social-consciousness and race prejudices—yes, man has always been a builder of walls.

Now, the name selected for this magazine does imply that a wall has been erected, racial and geographical. Perhaps this exists only in the imagination of a few—and we must not lose sight of the fact that this publication has become more far-reaching than any of the promoters dared to hope—and too, that we had no part in its inception.

However the interest demonstrated on this side of the line is a sign of promise that in time we may have an organization international in scope and membership.

For surely we are all one in relationship, aim and in intensity.

So until such a time let us not forget that "Good fences make good neighbors."

—A Minnesota Reader

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Thos. Griffiths, Mgr.

CAPTAIN ASGEIR JONASSON

The first Captain in the service of the Icelandic Steamship Co. to visit Western Canada, arrived in Winnipeg recently for a short stay. He is **Captain ASGEIR JONASSON**, of Reykjavik, Iceland. He



is stalwart and sturdy in body and in mind, and is a good example of the hardihood and leadership in the Icelandic Merchant seamen of whom we

are justly proud. A self educated scholar he knows the history and literature of his country almost to perfection. He is the kind of honest politician that knows the needs of Iceland and what is best for it. He loves his country and with his strength of character and straightforwardness typifies those people of Iceland who with rugged perseverance and love of freedom have toiled through the years towards their ultimate aim— independence. Through difficulties and hardships those brave people have now gained their goal, and those people are and will always be, the silent and steadfast guardians of the nation.

The Captain has visited almost every port of note in Europe and America. He knows many countries and their people and can tell many interesting tale of adventure of his travels.

With his unassuming, quiet sincerity, he captivated those he came in contact with during his short visit here. With the fervent hope that many of his calibre may visit us from Iceland, we say to the Captain,—Godspeed, until we meet again. B.E.J.

DR. L. A. SIGURDSON

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DR. A. V. JOHNSON

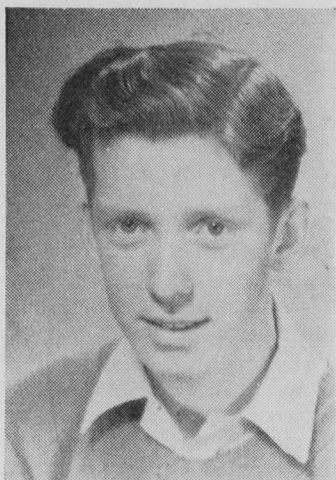
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Robert Wallace Byron is an Icelandic student of 17 years, residing in the city of Brandon. This year he was awarded a One hundred dollar scholarship for proficiency by The Brandon College in Grade XII. This scholarship is awarded each year by the College to the most outstanding student, residing in the City

of Brandon. "Bobby" Byron as he is called by his intimates, is the son of "Wally" Byron who was the goal keeper for the famous Falcon Hockey team, and his wife the former Inga Thorbergson. Bobby resides with his parents in Brandon and is continuing his studies there.

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Eunice Margaret White was born at Snowflake, Manitoba 17 years ago. She is the daughter of George P. White and his wife the former Stella Sigurdson, who was for a number of years a nurse at the Winnipeg General Hospital.

Eunice was awarded the 1st. Isibister Scholarship of \$155.00 in District No. 4 this year. She entered United College this fall and was last month awarded the H. C. Ashdown Scholarship of \$50.00 for the student having the highest average on entering Grade XII. She has just recently returned from St. Paul, Minnesota, where she represented the Collegiate Department as a delegate to the Macalester Conference.

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MARGRET S. BARDAL

Margaret S. Bardal, a graduate in Home economics, from the university of Manitoba, received this year a Diploma

in Social Work from the University of British Columbia. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Bardal of Winnipeg. Margaret has recently been appointed to the Social Service Staff of the City of Vancouver.

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